A

POETICAL TALE,

ENTITLED

Andrew Lowrie,

THE PRETENDED

CONJUROR,

Who resided and lately died in

CANONGATE.

A CHARACTER PERFECTLY WELL KNOWN IN THE TOWN AND VICINITY OF ALNWICK.

ALNWICK:

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DEDICATION.

To DUNCAN, *wha makes wheel and reel,*
And of machinery has great skill,
These verses are directed leel,
He's a mechanic,
And mony ane does ken fu' weel,
He lives in Alnwick:

But if you mair direction want,
He lives not far frae the high pant,
If up Beal's yard ye'll take a jaunt;
And when ye see him,
This gleefu' tale, by my free grant,
Be sure to gi'e him,

Frae his humble servant,

THE RHYMING TINMAN.

DEDICATION

ANDREW LOWRIE,

THE

CANONGATE CONJUROR.

REJOICE, ye rogues, since *Lowrie*'s gane;
But honest folks may make their main,
For aft he fetch'd their gear again,
When sto'en awa';
But now he's dead as ony stane,
And cauld as snaw.

When gangs of rogues, with art and skill,
Their stolen booties did conceal,
Slee *Lowrie* ken'd their nests fu' weel,
And fand them out;
For that, they wish'd him to the de'il,
There is nae doubt.

An instance I will give you soon---
A poor herd lad had lost his shoon,
The callant thought he was undone,
And sair he grat;
But *Lowrie* ken'd his waefu' tune,
And thus did chat:

"I ken, dear lad, your grief is bitter,
"The tears rin down your cheeks like water;
"Tell me the cause--I'll mend the matter,
"Your griefs me tell;
"I'm sure there's nane that can do't better
"Than my ain sel'."

The lad could hardly speak for greeting;
"My twa gude shoon I pat my feet in,
"They mens'd me ay at kirk or meeting,
"Are frae me fled;
"Were stown awa' when I was sleeping
"Upon my bed."

"Hout! hout!" quo' *Lowrie*, "that's but little,
"I dinna value that a spittle,

"I'll

" I'll find it out, wer't ne'er sae kittle,
" Ye needna fear;
" Or I'll be licket wi' a bittle,
" And ca'd a liar."

The lad began to wipe his eyes,
Being strucken with a glad surprise;
" O! could ye fetch my shoon," he cries,
" Since ye hae skill,
" Wi' payment I will weel suffice,
" Charge what ye will."

" Nae mair about it, honest lad,
" Chear up your heart, nae mair be sad,
" I'll lay my head against your maud,
" I'll find your shoes;
" And I can lay nae better wad---
" Gae mind your ewes.

" But tell me where, afore ye flit,
" They maun be laid---the very bit---
" I'll lay my head against a nit,
" That they's be there;
" Or else this noddle I'll forfeit.
" Is that no fair?

Then

Then straight the lad did name the spot,
Where they should be, but I've forgot;
And pleas'd as he had found a groat,
He went his way;
But back to *Lowrie* soon did trot,
And thus did say:

"O! let nae peals of thunder roll,
"Nor lightnings flash frae pole to pole,
"Nor angry deevils round me growl,
"Let a' be hush;
"And I'll reward you, my dear soul,
"To your ain wish."

"Nae mair about it--g'your ways hame,
"But dinna ye the secret name,
"Neither t'your maister nor your dame,
"Keep a' things cosh;
"The morn, or gi'e me skaith and blame,
"Ye'll get your wish."

Now how slee *Lowrie* and auld *Nick*
Did bring about this cunning trick,
Requires a genius far mair quick
Than mine to tell;

But

But if I'd ne'er engag'd wi' sic,
'Twad been as well.

So my poor Muse must drop her flight,
She's fleeing now to o'er great height,
To deal wi' folk of second sight
Will be but kittle,
For me, a poor unlearned wight,
That kens sae little.

Yet as I'm started, I maun rin,
I care not whether I lose or win,
But were the story to begin,
I'd pawn my sark,
Rather than make sae muckle din
About sic wark.

But now we'll back and view the lad,
And see what kind of night he had;
I'm unco fear'd 'twad be but sad,
Gat little sleep;
He better far had ta'en his maud,
And tent his sheep:

For

For whiles he thought his shoon they hang
On *Lowrie*'s finger by the whang,
And wrestling wi' a deevil strang
To get away,
Upon his doup he down did bang,
And thus did say:

"Preserve me, sirs! have I been dreaming?
"Or are the witches round me screaming?
"O! had I either men or women,
"My mind to chear!"
But soon as day-light came in beaming,
He dropt his fear.

Then straight he rose, pat on his plaid,
Took up his staff, and off he ga'ed
Unto the place where *Lowrie* said
The shoon should be;
But I'm right sure it would have flaid
The like of me.

For when he came to view the scene,
And saw his shoon lie on the green,
He scarce could trow his awn twa een,
But stood abauf,

And

And for a while his sel' did lean
Upon his staff.

He pausing stood, then made this mane:
"O! are they shoon? or are they nane?
"I ferlie sair but I'm mista'en---
"O dear! O dear!
"I better twenty miles had gane,
"Than to come here."

At last, he took his staff to reach,
And try if they would stand the touch,
But trembled as he'd seen a witch,
Or some ill ghaist.
Now for to gi'e ye a' the switch
I'll do my best.

Three times he offer'd then to loot,
And three times three he look'd about,
Still in his mind there was sic doubt
About the scene;
There frae his hinder parts fell out
What was not clean.

For, when he gat his shoon in's hand,
Then all his powers they lost command,
The hair upon his head did stand,
He sair did quake,
And trembled like a willow wand
The wind does shake.

Ye wad ha'e laugh'd, if ye had seen
Him, when he faund he was not clean,
He made but twa steps o'er the green,
To pull some dockens,
'Tis easy guess'd what he did mean---
To dight his stockings.

It wad ha'e gart folks split their cheeks,
To see him loot to wipe his breeks,
While round about him aft he keeks,
And wipes again;
But still he left some dirty steeks,
Or I'm mista'en.

So now we'll let him gang his way,
To clean himsel' some other day;
To tell how *Lowrie* gat his pay,
I dinna mean;

Yet

Yet I've a word or twa to say,
Then close the scene.

Some tell me that ha'e muckle skill,
It was not *Lowrie*, but the de'il,
That here contriv'd the trick fu' weel;
But to be brief,
'Twas *Lowrie* wha the shoon did steal,
And was the thief!!!

FINIS.

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